

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 21, Vol. 3, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 3, 1843.

Old Series No. 32, Vol. 11.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Wallcut,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS.**—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance, and no credit will be given for a longer period than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

## Administrator's Sale

At Auction.

WILL be sold at public Auction by virtue of a License from Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, the following described property belonging to the estate of Wm. Cotton, late of Woodstock, on Thursday, the fifth day of October next, at the Inn of John Blackwell, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.—A variety of household furniture, such as Beds, Bedding, Tables, Chairs, Dishies, Bureau, Trunk, Cheats, Trunks, Casks, and other articles too numerous to mention. A variety of Farming tools—Ploughs, one Cart, Chains, Gro-bars, Ox-yokes, one Harrow, one Sleigh, Horse harness, and many other tools too numerous to particularize in this notice.

Next Stock—One yoke of Oxen, one add Ox, three Cows; together with obligations for Cows, Oxen and Steers, which are let and hired out to different persons. Terms of Sale—Cash down, except otherwise determined by the Administrator on the day of sale.

RICHARD T. LURVEY, Administrator.

Woodstock, Sept. 23, 1843.

28

## Auction.

BY Order of the Judge of Probate the personal estate of the late Larnard Swallow will be sold at public Auction, on Tuesday, the third of October, at his dwelling house in Buckfield.

The above estate consists of neat cattle, sheep, farming utensils of every description, tools of Blacksmith's shop, household furniture of all kinds, hard, tin, wooden and crockery Ware, beds and bedding, carpets, &c. &c. Also—A small lot of Beef, Pork, Corn and Grain.—One Wagon and Harness.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock A. M., and to continue from day to day until all is sold.

Buckfield, Sept. 22, 1843.

20

## Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Honorable Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1843, at one o'clock P. M.,—So much of the real estate of the late Jonathan Sprague, late of said county, as will produce the sum of three hundred dollars. Said real estate consists of one undivided fifth part of about twenty-five acres of land situate in Sanford, in the County of York, with one undivided fifth part of the easterly half of the dwelling house thereon, and was late the property of Widow Catharine Sprague, late of said Sanford. The other four fifths of said farm is said to be owned by Hon. John T. Fiske. Sale on the premises.

DAVID COLCORD, Administrator.

Sept. 12, 1843.

50

## Notice of Foreclosure.

PARSONS HASKELL, of Albany, in the County of Oxford, the nineteenth day of May, 1837, mortgaged to us, by deed of that date, three fourths of the northerly part of lot numbered nine in the fifth range in said Albany, held in common and undivided, and is the same that Grant Price deeded to Francis Cummings and by said Cummings to said Haskell, reference being had to said conveyances recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, excepting so much as had been sold to Samuel P. and Daniel Haskell. The condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof we claim a foreclosure.

JOSEPH LOVEJOY.

Albany, May 15, 1842.

30

## State of Maine.

OXFORD, ss.—Western District Court, June Term, 1843. JAMES STEELE, of Guilford, in the County of Essex and State of Vermont, Esquire, Plaintiff v. Charles H. Post, of Byron in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, Defendant. In a plea of the case, in which the plaintiff declares upon a note of hand given by the defendant to the plaintiff for forty-eight dollars on demand and interest, dated August 4th, 1837, which though often requested the defendant has not paid. To the damage of the plaintiff (as he says) the sum of one hundred dollars.

It being suggested to the Court that at the time of the service of the Plaintiff's writ the defendant was out of the State and he had no notice of it, it is therefore Ordered, That the plaintiff cause the substance of the Plaintiff's Writ and this Order of Court to be published in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris in said county of Oxford, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court, to be held at said Paris, on the second Tuesday of November next, that the defendant may then and there appear and, if he see cause, and defend against this suit.

Attest—J. G. COLF, Clerk.

The foregoing is the substance of the Plaintiff's Writ and a copy of the Order of Court thereon.

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Cyrus Thompson, Jr., Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Tibbo, late of Hartford, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his first account of Guardianship of the estate of the minor heirs of said John Tibbo, late of said Hartford, deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Thompson give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed and granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Canton, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 19th day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three—

Francis Keep, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Samuel M. Keep, late of Jay, in the County of Franklin, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

## POETRY.

### THE VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS PARDOE.

I heard a voice, a childish voice,  
And I bade my inmost soul rejoice;  
It spoke of pure and pleasant things,  
Of birds and bees, of flowers and springs;  
All that was sunny and fair,  
To grace a tale, was gathered there!  
Oh! childhood hath a gushing tone,  
A clear sweet music all its own;  
A flute-like sound, a wilding thrill,  
Like the low rushing of a rill  
Which gaily murmurs on its way,  
Beside some ruin old and gray;  
Unstinted by the touch of time,  
Unclouded by darkness or decay,  
And laughing in its sunny prime,  
That anything should pass away!

Yes—this is childhood, as it sports  
Within a world of care and toil;  
Heedless alike of camps and courts;  
Thoughtless alike of grief and toil;  
Oh! it is pleasant, in the shade  
Of leaves and flowers, to hear the voice  
Of children singing out the glee  
Of their heart-gladdening merrily,  
Making the silence of the glade  
Echo their cheerful song—"Rejoice!"  
And childhood is a lovely thing  
In its first freshness; ere the wing  
Of Time hath swept its downy cheek,  
And left its trace of tears;  
Ere wood hath made its young voice speak  
The tale of after-years;  
It is so fair—so pure—so bright—  
So radiant of joy!

Sad, that the visions of delight  
Should ever know alloy!  
Its eye is like the glittering star  
On Heaven's forehead set;  
Its golden hair gleams lovelier far  
Than the attendant vapours are,  
When the bright clouds have met;  
Ten thousand splendours blent in one,  
The funeral pageant of the sun!  
Its brow is placid, pure, and fair,  
Untainted and untouched by care;  
Its laughter, to maternal ears,  
Seems the glad music of the spheres;  
While its light form with artless grace,  
Makes "sunshine in a shady place."  
Its fairy foot, its bounding pace,  
So lightly tempt life's cheating race,  
As forward, with elastic limb,  
It seems o'er sorrow's self to skim:  
Wiping the tear as soon as shed,  
And casting every care behind—  
Alas! my heart hath often bled  
To think that it would one day find  
(Like He who peopled earth, by singing  
Stored, backward on the path he fled)  
The car and coil, forever springing  
Close on its track, with hydra head,  
O'er which in its first bloomy years,  
It daily pass'd—awakened tears  
It never thought to shed!

Thus muse I in my silent hour;  
But childhood, by the simple power  
Of its free, fond, flute-like voice,  
Diagels the gloom, and says—"Rejoice!"

### I LOVE THAT HOUR.

There is an hour when all our past pursuits,  
The dreams and passions of an early day,  
The unripe blossoms that droop'd away  
From our young tree of Life—like blasted fruits—  
All rush into the soul. Some beautiful form  
Of one we loved and lost, or dying fond  
Haunting the heart with music that is flown,  
Still lingers near us with an awful charm!  
I love that hour—for it is deeply fraught  
With images of things no more to be;  
Visions of hope, and pleasure, madly sought,  
And sweet dreams of love and purity.  
The poetry of heart, that smile in pain,  
And all my boyhood worshipp'd—but in vain!

### MISCELLANY.

From the Magazine and Advocate.

### STRAY LEAVES.

DR MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

### MORNING.

Lo, the beautiful handmaiden of Nature, dewy  
Evening morn'g approaches from the east! How  
cheerily she trips across the brows of the green  
hills, waking up the violets that lie sleeping upon  
the grass-swards, and shaking down the apple  
blossoms like snow, over the smoothly shaven  
lawns!

The willow waves its yellow tassels, redolent  
with fragrance to welcome her approach; the  
ro etree throws open its pure white buds, to blush  
into radiant beauty beneath her smiles; and the  
streams, gushing forth with a glad shout from  
the bosoms of the hills, toss up their wreaths of  
mist and spray to garland her brow with rain-  
bows, and sandal her feet with gems.

Far through the dim and scented woodland,  
rings a loud blast of the huntsman's horn; and  
the cry of the hound reverberates through the  
glens scaring from their covert the whirling par-  
tridge, and the little rabbits whose ears yet glisten  
with the dew. Soothe upon his shoulder, forth  
goes the mower to his early task; and the farm-  
er's boy with a loud halloo sends forth the eager  
herd to the sweet cloverfield that lie ripening in  
the sunbeams.

Beautiful, very, is the picture that Morning  
presents, and manifold are her lessons to the feel-  
ing and thoughtful mind. So should we be in  
the morning of life—glad of heart and active of  
limb, sending forth beautiful messenger from the  
world within to brighten and rejoice the world  
without.

## FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY REV. N. C. HODGSON.

"What can the fondest mother wish for more,  
Even for her darling son, than solid sense,  
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence,  
With truth and virtue marching on before?"

Every careful observer of the times and seasons, must acknowledge, that female influence is greater at the present day, and more excellent, than it ever was before in any age or clime.—Since Christianity and science have shed down their bright and hallowed beams upon the mind, and raised woman to her proper sphere of knowledge, she has exerted a better and more powerful influence than she ever did before.

Yes, and when woman becomes as intelligent as she may be, and should be—when her gentle and affectionate mind and spirit are adorned with useful as well as ornamental knowledge, and her thoughts are placed on nobler objects—more worthy of her attention and care—her influence then will be deeply and broadly felt. Guided by that religion which raised her from ignorance and slavery, she is leading and moving the world on to a brighter and happier day.

We are not aware of the extent and benefit of this influence, because we are always cheered by its light in this Christian land. We are also insensible of the blessings of the sun which daily gives us light and heat, and is it on this very account, we have always thoughtlessly received its favors. And how true it is that we think less about those favors daily bestowed upon us, than we do those seldom conferred by our friends.—But let the sun be blotted out of existence, and how soon we should feel the loss, and how sensibly realize the blessings departed! Let woman, too, be stricken out of existence, and how dark, unsocial and joyless life would become. The moving spirit of all improvements and enterprise would be less, if any at all. Give to the whole race of men an immortality—and how much joy would there be for us—poor, lonesome lords of creation, as we suppose ourselves to be—if we had not the smiles of woman to cheer, or her affection to bless.

This may show us how much woman is capable of adding to human felicity—and how much she does add. It also shows how much influence she holds in the society where she walks, and administrators—and where she is treated as a friend and a companion, and considered as man's equal.

A Christian character can be formed no where else, among woman or men, but in a civilized country, which is blessed with the light of the gospel. Where, but in the land of light & knowledge, is woman permitted to go alone, and allowed her freedom? Woman in this land has her liberty, and such liberty gives her much—yes, great influence. It is here that the light of the moon becomes as the light of the sun, and sheds forth all her beauty and splendor, and we rejoice that it is so, and that woman is honored, beloved and respected. In heathen lands, it is not thus. From infancy to old age—from the cradle to the tomb—from the fireside to the halls of legislation, the moulding, forming, and reforming, elevating and holy influence of woman is felt.

The mother who smiles on the image of her tenderness, when on her breast, speaks to it words that never can be forgotten. She who teaches her bright-eyed boy to lift his infant hymn and prayer to God—who breathes into his awakened mind in pleasing tales, the beauties of truth, and a love for all that's pure, exalted and fair—the sister who softens, refines and chastens with her gentle affection the wayward passions of her youthful brother—the lovely and accomplished maiden who wins and attaches the young man to virtue, temperance and pure religion, does a great deal for our country's good—and these things are doing more for the elevation and happiness of the world—they are exciting a more powerful, controlling—a more salutary influence, than they whose voices (*I might say voices seen*) are yearly heard to thunder in the Capital at Washington, and shake the Halls of legislation. O yes, these formers of the tender mind are doing more in shaping the future destiny of our country's glory, peace and prosperity, than sage law makers, law expounders, or law ex-ecutors.

Washington's mother was a Christian, and she used her influences in forming his young and tender mind—and what was the consequence? Mother's, go on—sisters, maidens, go on and do your duty, and future years will bring peace and joy, and the crown of glory shall fall upon your heads, and free them from all trouble.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part there all the honor lies,"  
Andover, Mass., Feb. 1843.

The Bath Inquirer says: We are of opinion our candidate for County Commissioners and County Treasurer are elected.

## FANATICISM OUT DONE.

We take the following letter from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. We hope the statement is exaggerated, for we can hardly believe such things possible in this country:

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 7, 1843.

Messrs. Editors—The Miller Camp Meeting which has lately been held in our vicinity, on the line of the Housatonic Rail Road, at a place called Stepien, came to an end last Tuesday morning or Monday night. Such a scene of confusion, fanaticism and impiety (as it appeared to me) has never been equalled in this country since Columbus first stepped on our shores, unless in case of Matthias the prophet, whose career was short. On Tuesday last Chittenden took the stand, and endeavored to prove that the world would come to an end in 1843. He spoke of the judgment and eternity with a great deal of solemnity. During his preaching a man pretending to be inspired, passed up and down through the camp meeting with a green leaf in his hand, waving it over his head and crying "Hallelujah" and "Glory" at the top of his voice. He soon began pointing his finger at certain individuals, making at the same time a muttering sound with his mouth closed, which the Millerites said meant, that the individual to whom he pointed, was to all intents and purposes eternally damned. Thus he went from one to another sealing up the dam-nation of individuals—and it would not answer to stop him, for that would be sinning against the Holy Ghost, which sin could not be pardoned. At night, however, he was taken off the ground by his father and confined for a time. On Monday, another man by the name of Campbell got inspired and went through similar performances, being joined by many others affected in the same way. It is impossible to describe the scene.—Any person wearing a breast pin, artificial flowers in their bonnets, or a safety chain of gold, or a gold watch, were pointed out as lost. These fanatics would fall on their knees, and demand of others to fall before them. They pulled off breast pins and finger rings and threw them away—broke up safety chains and scattered them to the winds. One lady was induced to take out a whole set of teeth and throw them on the ground, which were stamped in the dirt. Others cut off their hair, which they were told was their idol; others pulled it out, and tried to persuade their friends to do likewise. Two young ladies from Bridgeport were also inspired, and pronounced woe upon individuals who did not believe as they did, by pointing their fingers and making this muttering noise, groaning, &c. A Mr. —, minister of the Episcopal church at —, mounted the stand to make some confession, and declared that he should no longer be minister of that particular church, or any other, but should do what he could for this great cause. He was pointed at, however, by the inspired man, and had to leave the ground.

A Methodist minister by the name of Fuller, and a Baptist by the name of Gregory, were both sealed over to eternal damnation by these inspired ones. They were however not so easily frightened. The Methodist, Fuller, commenced praying. For a while all went well,—the Millerites crying "Glory," "Hallelujah," "Praise God," &c., till soon he prayed for the poor deluded ones who thought they were doing God service and were not, asking that the devil might be cast out of them. Whereupon the Millerites cried, "take him away," "stop him," "stop him," "his damnation is sealed," and laid their hands upon him.—Fortunately there were friends enough to protect him. The Millerite leaders said all this was the effect of the Spirit of God, till Litch, of the "Midnight Cry," saw how things were going, and announced from the stand, that these things were the works of the Devil, and that the Millerites must leave the ground. One minister declared that the world would come to an end this year: "It was just as sure as preaching." Others of the Millerites said it would be in the seventh month from March, 1843. Others, that we should never see the first of October 1843. But the meeting ended, and the inspired ones fled. It was well for them that it did; for the people were about adopting measures that would protect their wives and daughters from the insults of these degraded men.

I have not told you the half, nor need I. Are these the doctrines of the Bible, and is this Millerism carried out?

AN ELOQUENT PORTRAIT OF THE SAVIOUR.—The following is a description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shapen—his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching off his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, the dress of the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large; the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave

and strictly characteristic of so great a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold their joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

BE SOMETHING.—Be something, says the talented Kingsbury no matter what. Throw aside all collateral aids—off with your coats—and determine to work your way up. Providence has provided a ladder; there it is before you; come mount, mount. Don't fold your arms until you find something that suits your talents. Take the chisel—the saw—the axe—the hammer. We recollect a young gentleman—an intimate friend—who was a few years since wealthy, being worth some fifty thousand dollars—he did an excellent business; but the last panic, like a whirlwind, swept his whole property overboard, and left him a bankrupt. Did he remain idle? No. He braced himself up for a fresh struggle. He minded not his delicate hands; but worked his passage from a western port to New Orleans.—Finding nothing to do there, he worked his passage to New York. There we find him busy and contented as of old.

"What are you at now, Bill?"

"At! Oh, I'm porter to a broker in Wall street."

"Pay well, eh?"

"Why enough to live on. I receive nine-pence a day, and have the privilege of sleeping on his counter at night. Ha! ha!—a broker's counter makes rather a hard bed."

"But Bill, you ought not to live thus. Your talents should make you look higher."

"Ay, and so you would have me run the risk of starving, out of respect to my talents? I must do something. All I want is a foothold. Inquire for me in a year from now."

In a year he had worked himself up to be confidential book-keeper in a large New York establishment. He will be admitted as a partner soon, and will acquire another fortune. He adopted the true method to keep out of mischief.

DAIMONID CUT DAIMONID.—We find the following laughable story in a late Liverpool paper: A gentleman looking personage walked into the house of Mr. Turris, the Seraph Hotel, and accosting the waiter with a patronizing air, asked what he could have for dinner. "He was informed there was some soup, and some nice roast beef, and boiled mutton ready." "Oh, is there nothing better? I can have those things at home, any day—but say, what can you provide? I want the best dinner I can have for my money."

"With pleasure sir; by five o'clock," said the waiter, "you shall have a good dinner? turtle soup, (good said the eugner,) turbot and lobster sauce, (good again,) a couple of Spring chickens, boiled, and a little ham, chops, sir, and asparagus, (ay, now you are on the right track,) spriged jam and others tarts, a custard jelly, (ay, ay,) a little salad with a nice dressing, and some Siltion, (very good,) and a choice dessert. (That will do—and what of wines?) Sparkling champagne, sir, but perhaps you will like a little cold punch in the turtle, (by all means,) and then we have a capital bottle of Burgundy. (Excellent; that will do, that will do.)

At the appointed time the gentleman was in clover; he enjoyed a dinner worthy of a Nabob, and quaffed the best beverage which "vine covered hills and gay valleys of France" could afford. On rising to depart, satisfied to his heart's content with good things, he threw down a shilling, and took up his hat. "Thank you sir," said the waiter, eyeing the little coin: "would you like the bill, sir?" "The bill, I want no bill," was the cool reply; "I have paid you!" "Yes, sir, my fee sir, and thank you," "No; sit it is for the dinner according to the bargain. I ordered you to bring the best dinner you could for my money; you did so, and I am satisfied; that's my money; it's all I have and you cannot have more." In a moment the waiter was down stairs with his mastea; the bill was made out—twenty-five shillings—and on being assured that only sixpence was offered in payment, Mr. Turris was soon in the "presents," vehemently remonstrating at such a trick being played upon him.

He discovered, however, that there was no possible reasoning with an empty pocket—the gentleman quietly stuck to the express terms of his bargain—and the whothy host at length decided, instead of sending for a police officer, to laugh himself out of the difficulty, and compliment his unwelcome guest, who he could now easily perceive was "a man about town," and one who lived on his wits. "Well," said he, "I'm done; it's a clever trick, and I'll forgive you, and give you half a crown besides, if you'll only go to-morrow and favor my friend Mr. Westwood, of the Imperial, with a visit." Our hero drew himself up—his pride seemed hurt at the very suggestion—he laid his hand upon his heart and shaking his head in conscious dignity, he exclaimed: "Pardon me, sir,—Honor, sir honor; don't say one word more on such a subject. It was only yesterday that Mr. Westwood, after I had patronized him in a similar way, gave me five shillings to come and play the trick upon you."

A LARGE CALHOUN MEETING was held in the Park, in New York, on Monday, 4th inst. Four thousand persons were present, says the J. of Commerce. A great many speeches were made, and resolutions in favour of Mr. Calhoun for the Presidency, and of choosing delegates to the National Convention by the district system, were adopted by acclamation.

# OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 3, 1848.

"The great popular party is already called almost a mass around the banner which is leading the way to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RE-TRIBUTION; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, which will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Callahan*.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

## FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

The following is a correct return of all the towns in Oxford. The official count will not vary this result.

	Andrews	Morse	Scot
Andover	54	62	5
Buckfield	95	55	91
Byron	41	10	0
Canton	169	15	30
Dixfield	140	43	11
Franklin, Pl.	20	3	8
Hartford	29	30	81
Hampden's Gl.	5	2	7
Holmes, Pl.	20	0	0
Holmes	9	18	2
Livermore	85	190	64
Mexico	71	11	4
Malton, Pl.	6	9	8
No. 5	5	4	1
North Surplus	11	0	0
Leiter B.	23	3	0
Paris	142	43	163
Peru	137	7	40
Roxbury	23	3	8
Rumford	85	113	31
Sumner	94	17	54
Turner	126	137	150
Woodstock	53	2	79
	1426	791	848
	1630	Opposition	
	1436	Andrews	
	213		

The following are all the returns from Lincoln excepting four, viz:—Jefferson, Alpa, Cushing and Washington.

	Morse	Andrews	Ab. & Sc.
Arrowsic	10	31	9
Alpa	90	35	12
Bath	419	173	25
Bowdoinham	107	77	54
Bowdoin	119	102	12
Bristol	151	232	6
Boothbay	64	86	14
Breman	42	48	11
Cushing	8	90	0
Dresden	50	76	0
Edgecomb	72	96	11
Friendship	0	56	0
Georgetown	6	87	24
Jefferson	137	129	14
Lewiston	102	92	48
Lisbon	123	73	15
Webster	92	33	1
Wiscasset	165	123	10
Whitefield	90	154	21
Warren	92	147	13
Woodwich	93	13	29
Washington	84	121	10
Waldoboro	102	205	9
Westport	12	30	5
Monhegan Isle	0	14	0
Newcastle	135	55	5
Nobleboro	39	181	5
Patricktown	8	63	0
Phillipsburg	76	85	37
Richmond	66	77	17
St. George	2	120	4
Topsam	142	70	25
Thomaston	130	360	8
Townsend	30	25	0
Union	130	127	12
	3156	3501	463

The Oxford towns give a majority against Andrews of 213. The Lincoln towns give a majority against Morse of 118. The town of Green, Ken. which belongs to the district, gives a majority of 17 against him. We consider sufficient proof that there is no choice from this district.

Governor Election. It is now quite certain that Anderson is elected by the people over all the opposition which has been brought to bear against him. This will save two or three days wrangling in the House of Representatives.

Three Cheers for Anderson and Democracy!!

Representative from Westbrook—Jeremiah Beeble, Dem.

MURDER IN CANADA. A murder took place in Canada last week under the following circumstances as related by one of the Menagerie Company. A just court was held in Canada, the object of which was to prove that a certain man had committed adultery. The court was held in a tavern at which the Menagerie Company put up. The parties in the trial were so noisy and troublesome, owing to the use of ardent spirit that the court broke up in a row and the landlord ordered them out of the house. The man who was afterwards murdered as he left the house on his way to the stable met one of the Menagerie Company, and accused him of helping to turn him and his friends out of doors. The man whose name is said to be Ferguson, denied the charge but as the meeting grew warmer, it is supposed, he struck the other man who soon after died. Another of the company ran to the assistance of the injured man and assisted him into the house. He is now held in jail at Norridgewock although there is no proof of his being in any way concerned in the commission of the crime. Ferguson left the tavern and the company that night and has not been found. It is supposed that he gave the fatal blow but there is no certain evidence of it except his sudden departure.

VILLAINY. A week ago Tuesday last in the town of Somersworth, N. H. an attempt was made to blow up the house of Mr. John E. Wood with gun powder. A keg of powder was placed under one wing of the house and by a slow match was fired about midnight. The explosion was tremendous giving the idea of an earthquake. The family were dreadfully frightened but none of them injured. The house was badly shattered in the plastering and frame and the glass all broken out.

The cause of this piece of villainous conduct is said to be the Abolition and Anti License principles of Mr. Wood. We had supposed that moral suasion was the great lever to destroy all the evils of the present age but it seems by this that more summary methods are to be put in operation. Destruction, devastation and death are taking the place of love and mercy. If Abolitionism and ultra principles of temperance exist it looks very much like tyranny and cannibalism to attempt to annihilate our species in order to get rid of them. Mr. Wood and family have taken lodgings at the tavern in the village of Somersworth and dare not return to their house till the excitement shall have subsided.

The following, from the Harrisburg Argus, is good advice and ought to be followed by every Democrat and Democratic paper. It rebukes in a very severe manner those sentiments and precepts which have been and are still teaching that we owe fealty to any particular man. Read it.

"Let us cast aside every cause of division.—Let the democratic press proclaim that the democratic party owes no man any thing. Let them urge a speedy union on some one in our ranks who can harmonize the discordant feelings that now endanger its existence. This is the only safe course. The only policy that will prove effectual. We care not which of the distinguished men spoken of be selected, so that his name and fame will unite the north and south, the east and west, and lead us into battle with every chance of success on our side. The stake is too great to risk any thing." We must have the man, and every day that intervenes between this period and the assembling of the National Convention, will demonstrate it. We go for the cause, the good old cause, and fighting for it we must avail ourselves of all honest and honorable means to secure success."

From the Pittsburg Post.

## GEN. JACKSON'S LETTER.

H. M. Brackenridge having, in some of his recent letters made an uncalled-for attack on Gen. Jackson, a gentleman of this city called the old hero's attention to the slanders of the whig candidate. The General promptly responded; and his letter, which we publish below, places H. M. Brackenridge in the light in which he has long been viewed by every man who detects the character of a betrayer of private confidence:

HERMITAGE, August 22d, 1843.

Sir: Your letter of the 11th instant has been received, and its contents duly considered. Although I am much debilitated, and write with much difficulty, I feel bound, by the respectful terms in which your communication is couched, not to withhold the statement it requests, respecting my acquaintance with Mr. H. M. Brackenridge, and my conduct in regard to him.

From the following facts, you may well suppose that I place a low estimate upon the character of that gentleman; and I am sure the good citizens of Pennsylvania, when made acquainted with them, will think that I do him no injustice.

In the year 1821, on my way to Pensacola, as commissioner of the United States to receive Florida from Spain, at New Orleans I was introduced to Mr. Brackenridge. He was there without pecuniary means, and in distress, and made known to me his wish to go to Florida. Supposing, from his education and general character, that he might be made useful, and being always willing to aid the distressed, I took him into my family, and treated him as one of my members, until I received the country from the authorized agents of Spain. In organizing the Government thus received, I appointed Mr. Brackenridge alcalde (justice of the peace) for Pensacola, and interpreter and translator of the Spanish language, and keeper of the archives transferred under the treaty with that Government. In the memorable trial of Gov. Callava, for the attempt to secrete and carry away the important papers of the heirs of Videl, upon which rested their whole estate willed to them by their father, the former Governor of Pensacola, Mr. Brackenridge was of course, by virtue of his office, the sworn interpreter. Soon after the transaction, having fully organized the Government, I left the Territory of Florida for my home in Tennessee—parting with Mr. B. in the most friendly manner, and having full faith that he would discharge properly the duties of the important and lucrative office I had conferred upon him.

Soon after my election to the Presidency Mr. Brackenridge having, in the meantime, become Judge of the West Florida—it became my duty to notice various remonstrances against his conduct. "Toward the expiration of the four years' continuance in office became still more frequent and serious. One of the charges which I now recollect was, that, in the middle of an important jury cause, he left the bench without his hat, the jury in their box, and the lawyers in the bar, and forgot to return to adjourn the court. Being convicted, from the weight and character of such complaints, that he ought not to be continued in this office, at the expiration of his term he was not nominated again. He was not removed, as he ought to have been for my unwillingness to wound his feelings. All my action on this subject consisted in a refusal to re-nominate him because he was evidently unmanageable to the citizens of Florida, on account of omissions of duty, which, as President of the United States, I was bound to notice.

Yet notwithstanding all my kindness and forbearance to him, he came out with a pamphlet against me, filled with the coarsest abuse of my character, and the most gross falsehoods. As an

evidence of the temper under which he wrote that pamphlet, it is enough to refer to the fact, that, in the case of Callava, he admits he interpreted falsely, alleging, as a pretext for his baseless, insinuation, that he had interpreted truly, and that he was presuming as judge; and that Callava was attained before me for perjury, and secreting important public papers—papers which affected the interests of the widow and orphan; and he is base enough to say, in such a case, that he has violated his oath in order that he might have a pretext to assail me.

After such a proof of recklessness and folly, it is impossible for me to pay the slightest respect to any statement emanating from Mr. Brackenridge; and I am confident that the good people of Pennsylvania will judge correctly of the motives which led him to assail me.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

ANDREW JACKSON.

## ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

The following anecdote, which we find in the Hartford Courant, is not only interesting as displaying a feature in the character of the man, but conveys also a lesson in politeness, which, in practice, will be found to produce results not to be obtained by harsher means.

"At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor, in this State, a farmer of the name of Jacob Munstrell, aged 45 years. After the communication by water between this part of the country and Boston was interrupted by the possession of Boston Harbor by the British fleet, Munstrell was often employed to transport provisions by land to our army, lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp, at Cambridge, with a large load, drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road, which was somewhat rough, and where the travelled pathway was narrow, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munstrell, put his head out of the window, and called to him in an authoritative tone—'Damn you! get out of the path!' Munstrell immediately returned—'Damn you! I won't get out of the path—get out yourself!' After some other vain attempts to prevail on Munstrell to turn out, the officer's carriage turned out and Munstrell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing, distance of what had passed; and the officer within it put his head out of the window, and said to Munstrell—'My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out; will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?'—'With all my heart, sir,' said Munstrell, 'but I won't be damn'd out of the path by any man.' This last officer was General Washington."

## IRELAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—The following is an extract of the Queen's speech in relation to the affairs of Ireland, on the occasion of the recent prorogation of the British parliament:

"I have observed with the deepest concern the persevering efforts which are made to stir up discontent and dissension among my subjects in Ireland, and to excite them to demand a repeal of the Legislative Union."

"It has been and ever will be my earnest desire to administer the government of that country in a spirit of strict justice and impartiality, and to co-operate with Parliament in effecting such amendments in the existing laws as may tend to improve the social condition and to develop the natural resources of Ireland."

"From a deep conviction that the Legislative Union is not less essential to the attainment of these objects than to the strength and stability of the empire, it is my firm determination, with your support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence to maintain inviolate that great bond of connection between the two countries."

"I have forbore from adopting any designs hostile to the concord and welfare of my dominions, as well from an unwillingness to distrust the efficacy of the ordinary law, as from my reliance on the good sense and patriotism of my people, and on the solemn declarations of Parliament in support of the Legislative Union."

"I feel assured that those of my faithful subjects who have influence and authority in Ireland will discourage to the utmost of their power a system of pernicious agitation which disturbs the industry and retards the improvement of that country and excites feelings of mutual distrust and animosity between different classes of my people."

De Bar gives the following description of dodging, in a new farce called the 'Artful Dodger.'

"Now, sir, I'll prove how useful, philosophical, and beneficial my speculations are: I order a suit of clothes of a tailor, which I never intend to pay for—benefits tailor. As how? He orders a piece of cloth of woolen draper. Cloth being ordered, he benefits woolen draper, on strength of which he orders new dresses for family—benefits dry goods store. Dry goods store, on dress being ordered, invites large party to dinner. Butcher, upon meat being ordered, treats a friend to a theater. Butcher, come out, asks a friend to drink. Friend gets drunk, kicks up a row, and is fined for getting drunk; fine goes to coroner. So, by ordering a suit of clothes, which I never intended to pay for, I benefit a whole community."

"Ma," said a juvenile grammarian of the feminine gender yesterday, when she returned from one of the public schools—"ma, mayn't I take some of the current jolly on the sidewalk?"

"No," said the mother, sternly.

"Well then, ma, mayn't I take some of the ice cream?"

"No," again replied "ma."

It was not long, however, before the young miss was found "digging" into both.

"Did I not tell you," said the maternal parent, in a somewhat angry tone, "not to touch them?"

"You said no twice, ma," said the precocious girl, "and the schoolmistress says that two negatives are equal to an affirmative; so I thought you meant that I should eat them."

The mother sat down upon the sofa, and said that the talent some people's children had for learning was astonishing.—*Picayune*.

## AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

A few days since I stopped at the public house in Coltraine, and while my horse was feeding, I sat down in the bar room, and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account.

"During the revolutionary war, there was a point of land on the Jersey side of the Hudson and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of bloody conflict. There were about three hundred acres next the river, from which the wood and timber had been cleared off, and at the back of this a forest. On the cleared point a large number of fat cattle destined to supply the American army, were placed. Four or five miles distant, in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry, under command of Lafayette. I was one of the detachment.

Our business was to see that the cattle were not taken by the enemy. One morning intelligence was brought into camp that several vessels approached, and that a large body of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was ordered immediately for the point. Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was Colonel, and he was well stocked with the Putnam motto. He was a brave officer indeed. I could never discern that he was not just as cool and self-possessed when going into battle, as when sitting in his tent. We had a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were, and what their number. The adjutant soon returned, and reported they were forming in three columns containing about one thousand each. 'Then,' said the Colonel, 'ride back to the camp as quickly as possible and tell Lafayette to come on.' When the adjutant had gone, Col. Putnam rode up to my captain, who was Daniel Shay, of insurance memory, and said, well, captain Shay, shall we be playing with them until the General comes.

"Yes," replied captain Shay. Orders were soon given in advance to the open land up on the point. We were now face to face with the foe. Firing very soon commenced. The cannon from the shipping in the river poured forth their volleys; and the small arms did not fail execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of the regiment, as calm as a man at home though the bullets were whistling about him in every direction. We worked very fast and for one regiment made considerable use. The corporal at my right hand received two balls through the body and fell, dying. I was young and a dying man at my feet, bleeding and grasping my rifle, because my color to fade a little. Capt. Shay stepped forward, 'George,' said he, 'never mind it; I will take his place,' and he was good at his word, he took the corporal's gun and used it. He was bold and kind. I will give him his due, though he has been unworthy since, for we stood shoulder to shoulder in that day of peril. I was loaded with my gun the 22d time when Gen. Lafayette, with the main body of Light Infantry, issued from the woods. Never shall I forget the feeling of the moment. Wellington was hardly more pleased to see Blucher in the battle of Waterloo than we were to see our brothers in arms. The main body formed at once on our left—Lafayette rode forward. He was an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eyes so entirely as at that moment. Though a stripling in appearance, in action he was a man—and had Cornwallwall seen him as we then saw him, he would not have called him 'the boy.' As he approached, 'Col. Putnam,' said he, 'how dare you fire before I arrived!'

"Oh," said the Col. 'I thought I would be playing with them a little.'

Lafayette, at that moment seemed full of energy and fire—turning towards the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accent—he said 'fire! fire! the whole line charge bayonets, rush on and drive them where the devil they belong!'

The effect of his presence and his words were astonishing. Every heart beat quick and full. We did rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British forces charged to meet us, but they could not stand against us, and fled from the shore, followed them and drove them into the water; of the three thousand, about fifteen hundred got aboard of the vessel—the rest were slain, and most of them at the point of the bayonet.

I have described to you the most painfully interesting and horrid scene which I have ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men, I fought because I thought it my duty.

To wash WOOLEN GOODS. The art of washing woolen goods so as to prevent them from shrinking is one of the desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is clean, immerse it in cold water; let it then be wrung and hung up to dry.

The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen being one of the elephants with a large club. A host of people asked him the reason. Why says the keeper, "he's been flung out all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better!"

The B. & O. R. R. Co. have a fine Joseph Spaulding of Westfield, a farmer, but being his field for a few days ago, discovered two of his cows engaged in open conflict with each other, and apprehending no serious consequences, thought he would not interfere himself, but let them fight it out. But what was his surprise, when on his return back, to find both cows with their heads turned too and stretched horri-

zontally upon the ground dead, the necks of both being broken? Such was the case however singular it may be.

The owners of the late Steamer John W. Richmond, have offered a reward of three hundred dollars for any information that may lead to the detection of the person or persons concerned in the burning of said boat.

GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP.—A western man who, for ought that we know to the contrary, might have been from the Devil's Fork or the Arkansas, was freighting the upper deck of a steamer, with measured strikes, on which chained to a post, almost in his path, was an ugly, ill-natured cur, who as the man passed would show his teeth, and snap at him. "Stranger," says he, at last, when his patience was exhausted, "I should like to own an interest in this here dog, and I'd like to shoot my share of him, darn my eyes."

Serjeant. The Salem Democrat states that Capt. James Murch of Biddeford, in a fit of despondency committed suicide on Wednesday morning last.

## MARRIED.

In Norway on Wednesday morning, by Rev. T. J. Tenney, Jesse Howe, M. D., of Lee to Miss Rebecca Gleason, daughter of Hon. S. Gibson, of Denmark.

## Administrator's Sale.

### At Auction.

WILL be sold at public Auction by virtue of a decree from Hon. Lyman Bangs, Judge of the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, the following described property belonging to the estate of Wm. Cotton, late of Woodstock, on Thursday, the fifth day of October next, at the Inn of John Dicknell, commencing at 3 o'clock, a variety of household furniture, such as Beds, Bedding, Tables, Chairs, Desks, Bureaus, Trunkcases, Chests, Trunks, Caskets, and other articles too numerous to mention. A variety of Farming tools—Ploughs, etc. Carts, Chains, Cro-bars, Ox-yokes, one Harrow, one Sleigh, Horse harness, and many other tools to be offered to particularize in this notice. Next Stock—One yoke of oxen, one and six, three cows—two together with obligations for Corn, Wheat and Sterna, which are let and hired out to different parties. Terms of Sale—Cash down, except other way to be arranged by the Administrator on the day of sale. RICHARD T. LURVEY, Administrator. Woodstock, Sept. 24, 1843.

## NEW SHINGLE MACHINE.

THE subscribers having purchased the right of Pat. for a new and improved SHINGLE MACHINE, for the County of Oxford, and the towns of Biddeford, Poland and Monmouth, in the County of Cumberland, offer to sell the right for using the same in said territory, with the Shingle Machine, and invite an inspection of the said Machine and the Shingles which they manufacture. It is sufficient to say that these Machines work one third more Shingles out of the same quantity of timber, and are made in a fourth part of the time.

RICHARD EVANS, Wm. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Sept. 13, 1843. We have the selling of the right of the above Machine in the County of Kennebec, and persons want of any of said territory can obtain information on the subject by applying to us. W. & G.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, HENRY KENISTON of said County of Oxford, and State of Maine, man, on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1842, was a Mortgagee of said County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in the County of Cumberland, and a State of Maine, a certain tract of land, in said County of Cumberland, being the same premises which the said Edmund Lovell, being the same premises, was a Mortgagee on the same day, by his deed of Mortgage, and sale and warranty, conveyed to the said Keniston, as aforesaid, and the said Keniston, as aforesaid, is now fully appear by the Registry of said County of York, Book 234, page 633, for security of said Keniston, at that time, by said Keniston, for the sum of one hundred dollars, in six months, with interest, the condition of said mortgage being now broken. The said Edmund hereby gives public notice that he desires hereby make his entry to and upon the said premises to foreclose said Mortgage, according to the provisions of the Statute, Chap. 18, Sec. 1. Reference also to James Merrill's deed, March 4th, 1841, recorded in the Oxford Records at York, Book 22, page 632.

ALEXANDER EDMOND.

Portland, Sept. 13th, 1843.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE ON Execution after having been returned on the original Writ and will be sold at public Vendue at the dwelling house of Joseph Chubb, in Hartford, in said County, on Saturday, the 4th day of October next, at ten o'clock A. M.—all the right which Oliver F. Berry, of said Hartford, has in and to a certain parcel of land situated in said Hartford, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the South West corner of Lot numbered 10, in the Range of Lots in and near the East to the stone and stones across the second brook; thence North 25° East and 1/2 to a stake and stone; thence West to the first mentioned brook, containing 43 acres more or less. Said premises were mortgaged on the 5th day of June, 1839, to Winslow Hall and sons, the payment of \$50 on the 15th of September, 1839, and \$50 in one year from said 15th of September, with interest. JESSE DREW, Deputy Sheriff. June 26th, 1843.

## List of Letters.

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, Me., Sept. 30, 1843.

Abner Emeline—Buckner Henry R.—Bessie Mrs. Harlick A.—Bragg George—Cummings Simon—Cummings Joseph—Clark Thomas—Clark Isaiah—Daniel Joseph—Dean Benj.—Farman Simon—Fuller Ezra—Maxon Zeas—Merritt Aratus—Merritt R.—Oxford Lodge—Pond Daniel—Peterson Benjamin—Robinson Stephen—Raven James F.—Ransom Saml F.—Russ H. G.—Raymond & Weeks—Ston Z. Edwards—Stearns William—Sturtevant Alvin S.—Stevens Mary P.—Thompson Joseph—Tarbox J.—Walton Chas Wm M. Mess. Clerk of the Courts 31.

## Dixfield High School.

Will be opened for the admittance of scholars on the first Monday of Sept. next, under the instruction of Mr. TALLYRAN GOWEN, late graduate Bowdoin College. This School, as heretofore, will be opened at the Village, which for beauty of prospect, and quietness, will recommend itself. Particular attention will be paid to the Mathematical Department, and the correct pronunciation of the French Language. Boarding may be obtained cheap within a few steps of the School Room. Per Order.

August 1st, 1843.

## BLANKS.

For sale at this Office.



